

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR."

A Merry Christmas to all the world! Let the charging bulls and bears of Wall Street cease for one day to strive for each other's destruction; let the swarming sweat shops of the East Side have rest and such pleasure as may be possible within their grimy walls; let the slaves in the coal mines of Pennsylvania crawl to the light of day; let the Krag-Jorgensens in the Philippines and the Lee-Metfords in South Africa be silent, and let all mankind be happy in the only practicable way—by giving happiness to others.

This is the one day in the year when it is possible to exercise one's generous instincts with no fear of "pauperizing" the recipients of one's bounty. You may give to the beggars on the streets, humbugs though you may know most of them to be. Only, don't do it as one deceived by a tale of woe which a fiery nose and an alcoholic breath contradict. Meet the poor wretch for once on the plane of common humanity. Give him your dole, not as a charity, but as a Christmas token.

You will find it a pleasure to throw the reins of prudence on the neck of the steed of generosity for once in the year. If you buy a paper from a newsboy don't be afraid to give him a whole dime and tell him to keep the change. That it may not rise up against you through the year as a precedent, say "Merry Christmas" when you do it. You will be surprised by the glow of gratification that will suffuse your heart when you see the boy's face. And it will not impoverish you. Even if you should spend half a dozen dimes on this luxury the outlay would be less than some others you will make where they will be less appreciated.

If you are able to introduce Santa Claus into your house and give your family a Christmas dinner, be thankful. If you have something left after doing that, be still more thankful and give some cause for thankfulness to others. No man who has a little surplus income ought to be able to sit down to dinner comfortably on Christmas unless he has enabled some less fortunate family to do the same thing.

But enough of moralizing. We know that generous American hearts will not be content to have anybody left out of the joy of this day. Whatever they can do to make it a day of happiness for all will be done. And so, a Merry Christmas again, and may the Journal and its readers celebrate many more of them together in the coming century!

A Parkhurst Encyclical.

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst expressed some opinions yesterday about the Philippine and South African wars. He admitted that these affairs might be highly useful from the point of view of civilization, but maintained that both were totally opposed to the spirit and life of Christ, which never countenanced progress by the sword.

In that case it is rather remarkable that just as soon as the early Christians, who were about fifteen or sixteen hundred years nearer to the time of Christ than Dr. Parkhurst, grew powerful enough to use the sword to advance their ideas of human welfare, they did so with relish.

One obiter dictum of Dr. Parkhurst's will meet with hearty approval. "I am of the opinion," he remarked, "that the pulpit is more and more impairing its influence by undertaking to handle matters touching which it has no message from the Gospel or from the Holy Spirit."

Let us hope that this observation may bear fruit hereafter.

PLAIN TALK WITH THE PEOPLE.

No Usury for Rockefeller.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Although a Republican, I often read the New York Journal, and in to-day's paper I see you have an extended article on the money trust, the New York City National Bank, Lyman J. Gage, etc., in which you severely criticize Mr. Gage and others relative to the deposits of revenue in the City National Bank. You assert that "for every cent of that \$3,000,000 that Mr. Stillman spoke of so proudly, the bank charged 100 per cent interest." Now, I can inform you that the National Banking act prohibits the charging of more than legal interest, directly or indirectly, and if your charge is true you can smash the National City Bank, forfeit its charter, and make yourselves great. At present the thinking public don't believe a word of your assertion about national banks charging such high rate.

JOHN H. KING, State Agent for South Dakota, Washington.

If the market rate for money is 186 per cent, and the City National Bank feels disinclined to charge more than 6 per cent itself, what is to hinder it from lending its Government deposits to an agent of Mr. Rockefeller at 6 per cent and letting him lend them out again at 186?

Spain's "Glorious History."

Editor of the New York Journal:

I have the honor to be a Spaniard. I fought against you in the war and will fight against you again when I have a chance. What glory has the American people ever achieved? It has never conquered another country fairly. Neither has it discovered or explored any country in the world, as did Columbus, the noble Spaniard. Viva Espana.

LA GUERRA, West Fourteenth street, Dec. 23.

Your patriotic frenzy is fine, but misguided. Are you aware that Columbus was born in Italy, at Genoa, and that his name was the Italian Colombo, not the Spanish Colon?

Are you aware that long before the great-grandmother of Columbus was born a little old ship of the Vikings, with its high swan's head prow and heavy sail, and with the brass and bronze war shields of a dozen Norsemen clattering along its bulwarks, came creeping down Long Island Sound to the Connecticut shore?

In the proud staid Bjorn, the young son of Eric the Red, who had long before landed in Greenland. Bjorn and his followers settled in Connecticut and Massachusetts and were living there long before the birth of Columbus.

We are detracting nothing from the glory of the great Genoese. That he was nearly five centuries behind Eric the Red was not his fault. In following him the Spaniards had the first call, and they certainly did their work well.

You cannot conquer a barbarian people without a certain measure of brutality. In Peru there are the bones of a murdered people. In Mexico and Guatemala there are more. It may be that these things tend to brutalize a nation.

At any rate, wherever Spain has set her iron heel blood has followed. Glorious it may be, but not pleasing according to the ethics of modern civilization.

Delivery Wagon Thieves.

To the Editor of the New York Journal:

I thank you for publishing the tricks and devices of crooks and cranks. I read in your paper a short time ago of how these fellows follow wagons on Christmas holidays to private houses after goods are delivered and ask for them, claiming there is a mistake in the packages.

A similar occurrence happened to me the other day. About 4 p. m. a delivery wagon drove up to this residence and delivered a large and expensive package. I delivered the package to my lady and was about half way down the stairs when the bell rang. I went to the door and a well-dressed fellow confronted me and asked me for the package that was just delivered, claiming it was a mistake.

I got suspicious at once, seeing it was not the same man. I asked him where was the wagon that was out there a few seconds ago. He answered that it was around in the other street. I said, "You got the wagon, and I'll get the package." So he said, "Oh, all right; just wait there on the stoop and I'll bring it around in a minute." I waited, but he never returned, so I went up to my mistress and told her what had happened. She looked at the package and said it was the same as she purchased and that he was a fraud. I thought I'd write and let you know how thankful I am. I may say your paper is very valuable.

F. J. M., Dec. 23.

BRADLEY-MARTINS HAVE A 3-RING CIRCUS IN SCOTLAND.

Cholly Knickerbocker Has Difficulty in Disassociating Them from the P. T. Barnum's—He Discovers That Private Secretaries Are a New Fad with Society Folk Who Have No Favorites to Act in That Capacity.



COUNTRY HOME OF THE BRADLEY-MARTINS IN SCOTLAND.

I HEAR that the P. T. Barnums—no, I am like the inimitable Harry Hartley of Robert Louis Stevenson, is never so happy as when discharging some polite duty of this description. In explanation of all this, I should add, perhaps, that Mrs. George Gould, dreamy in the contemplation of her high successes, is also thinking of a secretary. I haven't heard whom she has selected, but as there is a large list of eligibles, she no doubt will have no difficulty in employing a graceful and competent youth. If asked advice, I would suggest to Mrs. Gould that she employ one versed in the arts of winding worsted, simple arithmetic, receiving, music and the use of the globe.

Through the blasts of Winter he not yet upon us, there are other coldnesses elsewhere. I refer not to the height of the season in the Klondike, nor yet to the barometrical conditions in the Arctic, but, instead, to the absence of an entente cordiale between Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Oelrichs. I have already spoken of the strained relations, and have been unable to assign any cause further than the unplaced rumor that the Gould party had something to do with it. This I doubt. Since the memorable affair at Newport when the two ladies maintained a rigid silence for seven unbroken days, there has been no return of the former intimate cordiality. On each of those days the sun descended upon their wrath red among the fiery cumulus, then the dove of peace hovered over the scene, and a burst of angel voices proclaimed good will on earth again. But now it appears that a day of wrath has come to stay, and I am utterly confused between the notions whether the Republic will disrupt, or whether we are on the eve of the millennium. Possibly, however, it may only mark some lesser event, such as the success of flying machines, the squaring of the circle or the reduction of alchemy to the absolute. However, I shall wait, and until the solution is spontaneous offer no aid to the little knots of persons stand on the street corners eagerly discussing the news. I think I have already spoken of the bal poe to be given by Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes to-morrow evening. It is to be a great affair, I hear. We are all to appear in wigs and powder, the young women in white mousseline de soie—or can-brie, I have forgotten which—the young men in periwigs, and so on. Ordinarily, I prefer to appear in my own hirsuteness, which is neither red nor of an albinos tinge. But some of us who have pink mustaches and fiery complexions will no doubt be frightened at appearing pale and wan. However, it is a good idea, and much better than going, as I have gone, backward, or as a negro minstrel, or a Hubbard squash, a barnyard fowl, a postal card, Mary Queen of Scots, and her sister, Dr. Mary Walker. This struggle to produce something new in the way of entertaining is becoming too strenuous, as people need suggestion, why not try a paragon party, where each guest brings some useful article? I think I shall give one at the Waldorf-Astoria, and while the dancing is on the footmen can bring in the ton of coal, the load of kindling wood, the eight dozen carpe slips, the potatoes, elder, gold coin, kitchen ware, boot trees, worsted notions, mittens, seal skin saucers and other things I shall direct my guests to provide against my Winter's comfort. It is so much better than a bal poe, don't you know, and there will be no rice powder to get into the web of my Daughters' footings, and make them look like the time when the infant genius in chambers above built a fish pond in mamma's boudoir.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

CLEMENCEAU ON ENGLAND AND BOERS. TELLS WHY HE LEI L'AUREORE'S STAFF.

(Copyright, 1899, by the New York Journal and Advertiser.)

PARIS, Dec. 24.—Georges Clemenceau, whose brilliant pen illuminated the columns of the Journal during the Rennes trial, discussed with your correspondent to-day many prominent French topics. He began by explaining why he has resigned his position on L'Aurore newspaper, whose fame rested upon Clemenceau's leaders and Zola's "J'accuse." This distinguished journalist, who did more than any other writer to free Dreyfus, said:

"With my conferees on L'Aurore I have differed fundamentally regarding the campaign that is being made in favor of full justice in the Dreyfus case. The way to carry out a newspaper campaign is to be thorough and keep on, not to spare the enemy and not to be content with half measures. With him with scorpions if necessary."

"For two years I didn't allow a day to pass without writing an article on the Dreyfus case. Sometimes my articles may have seemed unimpaired, but we have the authority of a very clever and accomplished Jew for saying: 'If one really wishes to bring about a reform one should work at it in season and out of season.'"

"Gallifet must be driven out of the Ministry before much more good can be accomplished. He isn't a thorough Republican. Twice we have brought him to the verge of resigning and the President has felt called upon to reprimand him."

France is in Fine Condition.

"You ask me about the condition of France and

her relations with England, particularly in view of the Transvaal war. In spite of everything, France is really very strong. She has got over her difficulties extremely well and is now in a healthy condition. Strict justice requires that the Royalists who are on trial before the High Court be condemned—I don't mean the dopes, I mean Deroulede, Guerin and one or two others. Guerin will doubtless get the heaviest sentence. It is time to stamp out plots against the republic. "Boni Castellani, husband of 'La Petite Goulle,' was called as a witness; he isn't of sufficient consequence to punish him. No one takes them seriously. Probably he thinks it is aristocratic to play being Royalist."

"In spite of Chamberlain's threat, the relations of France and England are good. I know whereof I speak. The real statesmen of both countries have had an understanding. Far too much importance has been attached in England to the attitude of a few of our funny newspapers. On the other hand, some of us made too much of a far-fetched article in a London newspaper about the partition of France."

Intervention an Absurdity.

"This country has had no thought of taking any action in regard to the Transvaal. There will be no European interference. This talk about the Towers stepping in is nonsense. It is utterly groundless, just as was a similar statement during your war with Spain. The very best reason is because it wouldn't pay any nation to interfere, and as for a combination of nations, Africa would

be conquered five times over before they could agree."

"In principle, I am with the Boers. But I fault what you will, they are fighting for a freedom under a republican form of Government. Still, they are sure to be beaten if E keeps on, and staying power is precisely the point of the Anglo-Saxon."

"Your people have staying power, too, as going to stay in the Philippines."

"As to the treaty of reciprocity between I and America, you may rest assured it will be carried out by an overwhelming majority. Why cause both countries will be benefited by it. If the advantage be somewhat on the side of the United States we don't grudge it to a friend. The chief opponent of the treaty is as dead as your Grover Cleveland the great champion of farmers, and as will benefit the agriculturist, Mellane's dream."

"Now for your final query: What is it of the German Emperor's withdrawal of his ambassador? It isn't because he is Embassy unsafe in Paris, but because he is unworthy of an officer to hold such a post at the Rennes trial one of the generals Mercier—said the German Emperor was and front of the espionage for Germ has been going on in France. Now, I haven't been reprimanded, and in fact is put up for Senator."

"Come and see me often. I feel as if the staff of the Journal."

MORE SPACE FOR OUR PARIS ART SHOW OBTAIN MR. CALI

(Copyright, 1899, by the New York Journal and Advertiser.)

PARIS, Dec. 24.—John B. Caldwell, director of the United States Fine Arts Department exhibition, recently arrived in Paris and put the finishing touches upon the arrangements for this important exhibit. Mr. Caldwell, having carefully looked over the ground, explained the present and prospective situation for the Journal. He said:

"The present indications are that the American exhibit of fine arts will be very successful. Altogether there are to be between three and four hundred exhibits in our department."

"The exhibit will beat that of 1889 in quality

but not in quantity. Many of our artists who exhibited then will exhibit next year. Without exception their work is notably better."

"We are somewhat crippled with regard to space. We had more space for the fine arts in 1889. The amount allotted to this department has been increased recently by our securing a part from Portugal. We are hoping for more. We shall be disappointed if we don't get it, as the United States has made great progress in art during the last decade."

"A jury which will soon be appointed here will have power to solicit American artists and sculptors all over Europe to exhibit. Paris and London are the two biggest centres of American art."

An outcast in the mists, the Boer must go. In the century's natal bell I hear a nation's knell, And my heart is heavy, heavy with its woe!

From the Indies to Khartoum I have heard that song of doom, But we were old, our heavy feet were slow. Now I hear that song again—it is waking o'er the plain.

And my heart is heavy, heavy with its woe! I had dreamed a brighter dream, but 'tis broken by the scream And the wailing of the women as they go; No need to give them bread, they are leaving home and dead,

And my heart is heavy, heavy with its woe! Away from veldt and kenel—Lord, turn again!—from all,

Lord, and it be Thy will, Thy servants bow; yet still Oh, from not if the bitter tears may flow, For I love our country well (did I love it over well),

And my heart is heavy, heavy with its woe! By the Modder's sleeping wave dig grave, Where breaks the only road the B Where the dreams of future years earth in tears, For my heart is heavy, heavy with its woe!

Place my father's war worn gun side his son. Good-by, proud world; unto thy woe Strike once more my father's tear And my heart is heavy, heavy with its woe! DON.

There are some examples in Mauleh, a few in Rome.

"We shall be very strong in sculpture. Gaudens, French, Bartlett, Barnard, Monnies and all our great sculptors Bartlett's statue of Lafayette, from Washington, and St. Gaudens's statue will form a part of the exhibit."

"Many women will exhibit paintings. A woman on the art jury, Miss Cecilia Phillips. The whole exhibit English companies. It is protected by loss, fire and accident."

It would be well for the many A ested in art to know that French a cited to hold the official opening of year on April 7.

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Crum-packer's Blow at the South.

The usual Congressional ass has put in an appearance. Representative Crumpacker, of Indiana, has brought forth a measure to cut down the quota of Southern Congressmen.

In other words, to benefit the Republican party Representative Crumpacker has evolved the brilliant scheme of depriving the Southern negroes of representation in Congress. The excuse given by Mr. Crumpacker for this is that many of the negroes cannot comply with State requirements regarding voters.

The negroes were deliberately enfranchised by the Republican party for the purpose of outvoting the Democrats in the South and to retain Republican power in the South.

Are the negroes more ignorant now than in 1866? Why does not the brilliant Mr. Crumpacker come forward with a scheme for reducing the Congressional representation of this State or of Massachusetts, on the ground that there are thousands of men in both States unable to fulfil the requirements exacted of voters?

Mr. Crumpacker's scheme is a deliberate attempt to persecute the South, and will be recognized as such by every man, white or colored, from Virginia to Texas. It will not work.

Raid of British Lords in Africa.

To the Editor of the New York Journal:

I think the attempt of the British and their sympathizers in the South African raid to drag America into the fire has gone far enough to call for a stinging rebuke. Where is that "American sympathy" which demands such an outburst of calculated gratitude from England? It can't be discovered here with a microscope. The fact is, it is pure British invention and bluff. When the chief is conscious that others' eyes are watching him he is always ready to grab some good-looking hyacinth by the hand and pretend to be his friend.

The spectacle of a rush of British "lords," "marquises" and "dukes" to stifle a brave little republic is not one that true Americans look upon with either sympathy or tolerance.

DEMOCRACY.